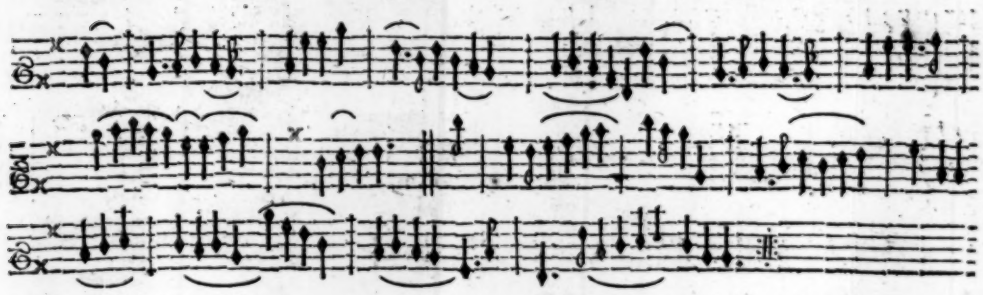
The Bloody Siege of VIENNA.

A SONG.

Wherein the Turks *have loſt One Hundred and Sixty Thouſand Men; being the greateſt Victory that ever was obtained over the* Turks, *ſince the Foundation of the* Ottoman *Empire. Written by an* Engliſh Gentleman Volunteer, *that was at the Garriſon during the Seige.*



THE Gods are now in Council ſat,
For to ſurvey the Worlds debate;
Both *Mars* and *Jove* incenſed are
'Gainſt Treaſon and Rebellious War:
This is the Fatal Year Deſign'd,
To cruſh the Faction in all parts;
The *Algerines* are all confin'd
To pay for all their Thieving Arts.

But *HUNGARY*, that Bloody *Scene*,
Of which the *German Whiggs* have been
The provocation, and the Cauſe,
'Gainſt God, the Emperour, and their Laws,
Yet ſtill pretend Religion;
At the ſame time brought in the *Turk*,
They all are turn'd *Mahometan*,
Like ours, againſt the *Duke of York*.

Their Soveraign Lord the Emperour,
Ingag'd 'gainſt the *French* in War:
Then, then thoſe Bloody Rebels roſe,
Surpriz'd his Friends with mortal blows;
They Sacrific'd Peaſant and Peer,
With Fier and Sword, they laid all waſt:
No Quarter gave for Seven Year,
Then brought the *Turk* to Burn the reſt.

Three Hundred Thouſand *Turks* in Rage,
Who never ſpared Sex nor Age;
In Seven Hundred Leagues they Marcht,
Till they *VIENNA* did Inveſt:
They raiſed Batteries round the Town,
Which did Command the higheſt *Towers*;
Candy, nor *Rhoads*, nor Chriſtian Crown,
Was never aſſaulted by ſuch Powers.

Then all the Skies in Black did Mourn,
As if the Town like *TROY* might Burn:
Then juſt as *JOVE* doth ſhake the World,
With Thunder-Claps their Balls were hurl'd
Againſt our Walls, the Gates, and Forts,
Each ſhot Two Hundred Pound in weight:
Their Shouts and Yells, and Guns Reports,
As if the Furies came to Fight.

The *Chriſtians* anſwered them agen,
More like to Angels, then like Men:
Our Canonneers with Courage ſtands,
Three times diſmounted their great Guns;
Each time our Souldiers ſallied forth,
Kill'd all that durſt oppoſe their Arms:
Each *Chriſtian* Sword, for ten too hard,
Which gave their Camps too true Alarms.

A Hundred Mines at leaſt they ſprung,
Our Works blown up, both ſmall and ſtrong,
Quartered Men blown in the Air,
Kill, Kill, was all the Language there:
Their Trenches fill'd with ſlaughtered *Turks*,
Their Camp infected by the ſmell;
Guns went thump, thump; *Plague Dam the Rump*,
That taught all Nations to Rebel.

This Thunder, Tempeſt, Fire, and Blood,
We Fifty Days and Nights withſtood;
Their Treacherous Mines we Countermin'd,
And Kill'd their Miners there confin'd:
We Kill'd 'em Seventy Thouſand Men,
Of our Fifteen was left but Five;
Brave *POLAND* then, like *Caſar*, came
the Captive Town for to releive.

Like Gods the *Chriſtians* made their way,
As if they ſcorn'd to looſe the day:
And to Revenge the *Chriſtian Cauſe*,
They layed in more then Humane Blows;
And Fighting through their Ranks by force,
At every blow cut down a *Turk*:
To th' Knees in Blood, Run, Run that cou'd,
The *Chriſtians* then had done their Work.

Like Fiends before the approaching Sun,
The *Turks* before the *Chriſtians* Run;
Their Gold and Jewels, Tents and Guns,
Fell all into the *Chriſtians* Hands:
No *Teckley* all this Brunt appear'd,
Jack Presbyter lik'd not the ſport; (Year,
And the *Turk* doth Swear, this Thouſand
He'l come no more at th' *Emperour's* Court.

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